DC

CARTOON NETWORK®

#44 MAR '01

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SCOOBY-DOO!™

B-B-BEAM ME UP, SCOOBY!

PLANETARIUM

RUN! THE ALIEN IS GOING TO GET US!

SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

I'LL TRY, LADY--

--BUT ORDINARY BULLETS ARE NO GOOD AGAINST A CREATURE LIKE THAT!

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

HE'S RETREATING-- BUT THEY DIDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN!

I'VE GOT TO CALL MYSTERY INCORPORATED!

CURATOR

PLANET-TERRORIUM

RURIK TYLER- WRITER
JOE STATON- PENCILLER
DAVE HUNT- INKER
RYAN CLINE- LETTERS
PAUL BECTON- COLORS
DIGITAL CHAMELEON- SEPS
HARVEY RICHARDS- ASST EDITOR
JOAN HILTY- EDITOR

THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG FOR US TO MEET WITH YOU, MR. ZOIL. OUR LAST CASE TOOK MUCH LONGER TO FINISH THAN WE EXPECTED!

PLANETARIUM

WHAT CAN I SAY... SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO HOLD OUT FOR MORE SCOOBY SNACKS!

DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT. IF YOU CAN SAVE TOMORROW'S SHOW, I'LL BE VERY GRATEFUL.

FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS, THIS HORRIBLE *SPACE CREATURE* HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE PLANETARIUM. IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT, ONE-EYED CUCUMBER WITH TENTACLES AND FANGS!

LAST WEEK, *SHOTS* WERE FIRED. NOBODY GOT HURT, BUT I CAN'T HAVE CUSTOMERS HERE IF IT'S GOING TO BE DANGEROUS!

GREEVES & OSMAND

PRESENT

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE!

MONDAYS, SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS

SOMEONE SHOT AT THE CREATURE, BUT YOU SAY NO ONE WAS HURT--SO THEY MISSED?

ODD. IN MOST OF OUR CASES, "CREATURES" TURN OUT TO BE PEOPLE IN COSTUMES, BUT THAT CAN'T BE THE PROBLEM HERE.

NO, NO. OUR GUARD SHOT THE CREATURE *SEVERAL TIMES*. IT SIMPLY *RAN AWAY!*

GROVES & JACKSON PRESENT

LACK HOLE GANTUA!

SDAYS THROUGH FRIDAYS

ZOINKS! EVEN VELMA THINKS THE CREATURE IS REAL-- *LET ME OUTTA HERE!*

DID THE POLICE COME?

THEY DID, BUT ALL THEY FOUND WAS THE USUAL *TRASH* YOU MIGHT EXPECT FROM A WILD STAMPEDE OF PEOPLE.

THAT *TRASH*-- *WHERE* IS IT NOW? THE POLICE STATION?

NO, IT JUST GOT SWEPT UP BY THE JANITORS AND THROWN AWAY.

YOUR WEIGHT ON THE **MOON**

DRAT! WE MAY HAVE LOST SOME CLUES RIGHT THERE!

OH, THE TRASH WON'T GET PICKED UP UNTIL LATE SUNDAY NIGHT. IT'S IN THE *BASEMENT* WITH THE TRASH FROM THE SNACK BAR.

GREAT! TOMORROW, SHAGGY AND I WILL SIT IN THE AUDIENCE AND TRY TO CATCH THIS BIG CRITTER...

...WHILE VELMA AND DAPHNE SEARCH THE GARBAGE!

HEY! WHY DO *WE* GET THE STINKY JOBS?

YOU'VE GOT THE STINKY JOB?! WE'VE GOT TO SIT UNDER THE *BIG DIPPER* AND WAIT TO WRESTLE A *GIANT CUCUMBER!* WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN *THAT?*

UNLESS THE BIG DIPPER WAS FULL OF SALAD DRESSING AND GIANT CUCUMBERS... MMMMM...

MMM...AND CROUTONS...

RORATOES... RONIONS...RAND... RADISHES!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH. LET'S GO EAT.

THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE'S THE DUMPSTER. DO YOU NEED ANYTHING BEFORE I GO UPSTAIRS?

PHEW! NOT UNLESS YOU CAN SPARE AN EXTRA SPACE SUIT!

TRASH CHUTE DANGER!

CAUTION: DO NOT PLAY ON OR AROUND

BOY, WHEN I SAID RUMMAGING AROUND IN THE TRASH WAS A STINKY JOB, I DIDN'T KNOW *HOW* RIGHT I WAS!

HEY LOOK, VELMA! I FOUND ONE OF THE GUARD'S *SHELL CASINGS!*

THAT MEANS *THAT* BAG HAS THE TRASH FROM THE DAY THE GUARD SHOT THE CREATURE. LET'S POUR IT OUT ON THE FLOOR!

LET'S SEE...LOTS OF JUNK, SHELL CASINGS...THAT LOOKS LIKE A BROKEN *LENS* OF SOME KIND...SOME *REFLECTORS*... AND WHAT IN THE WORLD IS *THAT*?

IT LOOKS LIKE A...

GUIDE BOOK

...A *BURNT PICKLE.*

PLEASE DON'T LET THIS BE A *REAL* GIANT CUCUMBER.

UH, GUYS, IS THERE ANY REASON YOU'RE EATING ALL OF MY POPCORN?

OF COURSE THERE'S A REASON. *OUR* POPCORN'S FINISHED!

RIRSTY! REED A RINK!

WATCH OUT! YUCK! I'M *ALL* WET!

SAVE THE POPCORN! SAVE THE POPCORN!

I'D BETTER GO CLEAN MYSELF UP.

I'VE GOT YOUR BACK, FREDSTER! THIS BUCKET OF POPCORN WILL BE CLEAN AS A WHISTLE BY THE TIME YOU GET BACK!

BOY, PLANETARIUMS SURE GET DARK WHEN THEY TURN THE LIGHTS OUT.

MAYBE WE SHOULD GO MAKE SURE *FREDDY'S* NOT AFRAID.

I DIDN'T THINK *ANYTHING* COULD BE SCARIER THAN *DARKNESS* IN A PLANETARIUM...

KRACKLE ZAP

...UNTIL I SAW *SPOOKY GLOWING LIGHTS* IN A PLANETARIUM!

ROOK ROUT RAGGY!!

PEOPLE OF EARTH--HEED THIS WARNING!

YOUR NOTIONS ABOUT EXPANDING THE UNIVERSE ARE DANGEROUS! IF YOUR UNIVERSE EXPANDS INTO OURS...WE WILL DESTROY YOU!

ZOINKS!!!

DO NOT TRY TO RUN! YOU MUST HEED MY MESSAGE!

LIKE, CALL MY NUMBER, AND LEAVE IT ON MY *VOICEMAIL!*

LIKE, MAYBE WE CAN GET THE MONSTER TO FALL INTO ONE OF THESE *CRATERS*...

...YAAHH!

BOING

BOING

FORGET IT! WHAT GOOD IS FALLING IF YOU ONLY FALL *UP?*

YOUR WEIG

ROT YOU, RAGGY!

THUD

EARTH BEINGS, THIS IS FRUITLESS! I WILL FIND YOU NO MATTER WHERE YOU RUN!

YOUR WEIGHT ON THE MOO

YEAH, WELL, LIKE, *THAT'S* WHY WE DECIDED TO *DRIVE! PAY THE TOLL,* SCOOBY!

ROOBY ROOOOOO!!!

BONK

NASA

THESE PLANETS MIGHT SLOW HIM DOWN!

LIKE, IT'S TOO BAD WE AREN'T IN AN *"ELEPHANT-ARIUM"!*

OOOOOF!

WAIT A MINUTE, VELMA...*WHAT'S* IN THAT *RIPPED* GARBAGE BAG?

DANGER

CAUTION

DO NOT PLAY ON AROUND

WHAT IS THIS CRAZY LITTLE THING--A TOY CAR FOR *FRANKENSTEIN?*

WHATEVER IT IS, IT FITS THIS BROKEN LENS RING WE JUST FOUND. AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN *SHOT* AT! C'MON, LET'S SHOW THE OTHERS!

THIS GIFT STORE HAS EVERYTHING A BODY COULD WANT--ESPECIALLY THESE *MODEL ROCKET ENGINES!*

NOW WHEN THAT BIG LIMA BEAN GETS HERE, WE'LL *LAUNCH* IT INTO ORBIT! YOU READY, BUDDY?

READY, RAGGY!

MODEL ROCKETRY

ENGINE

FIRE

RAUGH!!!

GOOD--'CAUSE HERE COMES OL' PICKLE HEAD NOW!

FIRE!!!

ZOINKS! DON'T FIRE!! I'M *SNAGGED!*

ROOPS!

MEANWHILE...

WE FOUND SOME *GREAT CLUES!*

I CERTAINLY *HOPE* SO! THIS IS THE *THIRD* WEEKEND IN A ROW THAT MY AUDIENCE HAS BEEN CHASED AWAY BY THAT *ALIEN THINGAMAJIG!*

ER...THIS IS MR. GREEVES. HE CREATED THE EXHIBIT ON UNIVERSE EXPANSION.

SO FAR, WE'VE FOUND *SHELL CASINGS*...

...A SCRAP OF *SCORCHED FOAM RUBBER* THAT WE THOUGHT WAS A...WELL, NEVER MIND...

...AND SOME PARTS AND MACHINERY THAT SEEM TO HAVE *REMOTE CONTROLS* AND SOME *OPTICAL EQUIPMENT!* WHAT I THINK IS...

...THE ALIEN IS A BIG *FOAM PUPPET*, MOVING AROUND THE PLANETARIUM VIA *REMOTE CONTROL*, USING AN *OPTICAL SYSTEM* TO FOLLOW A TRAIL OF TINY *REFLECTORS!*

THAT SOUNDS GOOD, *EXCEPT*...

VWOOSH

...HERE COMES THE ALIEN NOW!

JINKIES!

CRASH

LOOK OUT! COMING IN FOR A LANDING!!

WHAT? THE ALIEN'S NOT A FOAM PUPPET?

THAT'S MR. GROVES--ANOTHER OF MY EXHIBITORS!

GROVES, YOU IDIOT! HOW DARE YOU SABOTAGE MY EXHIBIT!

HOW DARE YOU TELL UNSCIENTIFIC NONSENSE ABOUT AN EXPANDING UNIVERSE WHEN EVERYBODY KNOWS MY THEORY ABOUT THE RECYCLING UNIVERSE IS THE TRUTH!

GREEVES & OSMAND PRESENT

HE EXPANDING UNIVERSE!

MONDAYS, TURDAYS,

YOUR RECYCLING UNIVERSE THEORY IS RIDICULOUS! THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS!

GROVES & JACKSON PRESENT

BLACK HOL
GARGAN

ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT?! ARREST HIM!

ARREST HIM? AREN'T YOU THE TROUBLEMAKER IN THE COSTUME?

YOU PAID TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO CHAPTER 4 OF "COSMOLOGY IN ACTION!"

YOU PAID TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO CHAPTER 3 OF "COSMOLOGY IN ACTION!"

AND TO THINK I WENT OUT OF MY WAY TO LET THESE GUYS DISPLAY THEIR COMPETING THEORIES.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE ALIEN WASN'T A PUPPET.

OH, IT WAS A PUPPET. BUT WHEN THAT GUARD SHOT IT FULL OF HOLES. I SIMPLY MADE IT INTO A COSTUME.

SUCH A CLEVER GIRL! WOULD YOU WORK ON MY NEXT PROJECT?

YOUR NEXT PROJECT IS GOING TO BE PAYING FOR THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE AND SPEAKING OF PAYING...HOWEVER CAN I REWARD YOU KIDS?

HOW ABOUT A FEW OF THESE ASTRONAUT ICE CREAM PACKS? THEY'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD!

HA HA HA

RUMMY RUM!

THE END

SKRRRRAWK!!!!

FREDDIE! HIT THE BRAKES!

IT'S THE JERSEY DEVIL!

OOF! EASY, SNEEZY! WE'RE GETTING SCRAMBLED LIKE BOP AND REBOP BACK HERE!

SKREEEEEEEEE

THE JERSEY DEVIL

TERRENCE GRIEP JR.- WRITER
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BONK

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

WELL, IT *WAS* THE JERSEY DEVIL...

NOW IT'S...

...A REALLY BIG TREE...

ON A REALLY, REALLY STEEP CLIFF!!!

BIG TREE. STEEP CLIFF. GOT IT.

SPLiTCH

ZOINKS...

JINKIES...

YEESH, YOU GUYS REALLY *ARE* SCRAMBLED!

SKRRRAWK

WE'RE SAFE NOW...BUT THE JERSEY DEVIL IS ESCAPING!

HOW DARE YOU TRY TO SCARE MY DETECTIVES AWAY, YOU...YOU... *LIABILITY*, YOU!

FAMILY CURSE OR NO, I'M STILL PUTTING THIS FESTIVAL ON, BLAST YOU!

LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS COULD USE A *HAND*.

ACTUALLY, LIKE, I COULD USE SOME *FOOD* TO SETTLE MY STOMACH!

I'M *DONALD LEEDS*, CEO OF LEEDS ENTERPRISES. THANKS FOR COMING, KIDS.

THAT *FIEND* IS THE REASON YOU'RE HERE. IT'S CUTTING INTO MY *PROFIT MARGINS!*

AH-*HEM!*

OH, AND THIS IS MY *KITE DESIGNER*, QUINCY PALLUS LEEDS. SHE'S GOING TO BE THE MICHELANGELO OF WIND ART!

AND I'M ALSO HIS *DAUGHTER*. CALL ME Q.P.

SO THAT *WINGED GREMLIN* IS YOUR PROBLEM, MR. LEEDS?

IS IT EVER! THE *JERSEY DEVIL* IS...

BREE E

BREE EEP

EXCUSE ME... ENTREPRENEURSHIP BECKONS!

JAMAL, HELLO. HOW GOES THE CONCESSION STAND? I'M IN A MEETING... MM? NO, NO, I CAN *MULTITASK*...

HEY, SCOOBERT, DIG THAT CRAZY CELL PHONE! I BET WE CAN ORDER *TAKEOUT*!

SMEK

BOTTOM LINE, KIDS: LEEDS ENTERPRISES IS HOSTING THE JERSEY KITE FESTIVAL, AND QUINCY'S *NEWEST DESIGN* WILL BE IN...

...THE DEEP FRYERS.

E-EXCUSE US...?

SORRY; TALKING TO JAMAL. WHAT ABOUT THE DEEP FRYERS, JAMAL?

DEEP FRYERS? COOL! LIKE, THIS CASE WILL BENEFIT FROM OUR SKILLS, SCOOB!

WE WON LAST YEAR'S KITE FESTIVAL WITH A KITE I DESIGNED; SO OF COURSE DAD HAD TO GO INTO THE *KITE BUSINESS*...

AND THEN THINGS *REALLY* TOOK FLIGHT. LEEDS ENTERPRISES IS *SPONSORING* THE FESTIVAL THIS YEAR!

HERE'S THIS YEAR'S MODEL, THE WHITE ANGEL. BIG WHOOP.

LISTEN TO HER...SO MODEST! THE WHITE ANGEL IS *BLUE-CHIP STOCK*, QUINCY...

...BUT IF THE WHITE ANGEL'S DEBUT *FLOPS*, LEEDS ENTERPRISES WILL BE *FRIED*.

RO RAND RO'S! RROOVY!

...NO, JAMAL, NOT YOU.

SO KITE-FLYING IS A FAMILY AFFAIR, IS IT?

THAT'S NOT THE ONLY FAMILY AFFAIR CAUSING PROBLEMS.

WE'RE OPERATING UNDER THE LIABILITY OF A *FAMILY CURSE!*

IN COLONIAL TIMES, A WITCH NAMED ***MOTHER LEEDS***--OUR ANCESTOR, I'M AFRAID--CALLED UPON THE FORCES OF DARKNESS AND CONJURED...

"OH? IS IT JUST AN 'URBAN LEGEND' THAT, OVER THE YEARS, HAS BEEN SEEN BY HUNTERS, FARMERS, POLICE OFFICERS AND EVEN CITY COUNCILMEN?

...THE ***JERSEY DEVIL!***

THAT'S JUST AN URBAN LEGEND, DAD...

"WAS IT JUST AN URBAN LEGEND THAT, ONE WEEK IN JANUARY 1909...

"...WAS REPORTED BY THOUSANDS FROM BRISTOL TO TRENTON?

"THESE SIGHTINGS ARE DOCUMENTED FACT. THINK WHAT YOU WILL, BUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE SAW ***SOMETHING***.

"WAS IT JUST AN URBAN LEGEND THAT HAS TORN TO SHREDS EVERY ONE OF THE WHITE ANGEL'S TEST FLIGHTS?

"WE WERE CONDUCTING ONE WHEN YOU YOUNG DETECTIVES ARRIVED..."

WHAT? JAMAL, WHAT'S OVERFLOWING? QUINCY, WILL YOU SHOW OUR INVESTIGATORS AROUND? I'VE GOT TO SEE TO THIS PERSONALLY. PLEASANT MEETING YOU.

MM? NO, JAMAL, I ***DEFINITELY*** WASN'T TALKING TO YOU...

AH, LISTEN... I'LL SHOW YOU YOU LEEDS MANOR.

JUST LIKE DAD SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ON THAT PHONE--TRYING TO OUTTALK THE "FAMILY CURSE"--I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME IN MY ROOM.

KLIK

LIKE, YOU CRASH HERE? MAN, THIS PAD IS THE *PADDEST!*

OR I'M IN THE *VAULT*...THAT'S MY WORKSHOP AND IT'S WHERE WE KEEP THE BLUEPRINTS FOR THE WHITE ANGEL.

HERE YA GO, LITTLE GOATEE.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE EVEN GOT THE PET MONKEY I'D ALWAYS WANTED, SHAGGY. HIS NAME IS CRITTER.

HEY!

OO-OO!

YEAH, IT'S A GREAT LIFE, ALL RIGHT. BUT I'D GIVE IT ALL UP...

CHEE-CHEE!

...JUST TO GO FLYING KITES WITH MY DADDY AGAIN.

UH...WELL, UH, THAT CAN'T HAPPEN UNTIL WE GROUND THIS MYSTERY, SO...

LET'S SPLIT UP, GANG.

SHAGGY, SCOOBY AND YOU SEARCH THE *TEST GROUNDS*. SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP THE DEVIL'S TRAIL. WE'LL EXPLORE THE *HOUSE* WITH Q.P.

=SIGH.=

SOON...

HEY, MAYBE YOU SHOULD CHECK THE ATTIC FOR CLUES TOO. WE HAVEN'T BEEN THERE YET...

THANKS FOR THE GRAND TOUR, Q.P., BUT WE'VE BEEN SOLVING MYSTERIES FOR A WHILE NOW...I THINK THE VAULT IS THE FIRST PLACE WE SHOULD HAVE SEARCHED.

...AND IF THESE BLUEPRINTS ARE AS VALUABLE AS YOUR FATHER THINKS THEY ARE, WE'VE GOT TO VERIFY THAT...THAT...

...WHAT AM I SEEING THERE?

CREEAAK

THE *JERSEY DEVIL!* AND HE HAS THE *BLUEPRINTS!*

SKRRRAWWWW!!!

HANG TIGHT, GANG! I'LL TACKLE HIM!

WELL, IF YOU'RE THE TACKLE, THEN I'LL PLAY *BACKUP!*

SPLOOT

HYOOLP!

OOPS. SORRY.

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE BLUEPRINTS BACK, AND THE JERSEY DEVIL IS HEADING FOR...

"...THE TEST GROUNDS!"

THOSE ***DEEP-FRYERS*** SOUNDED AWFULLY SUSPICIOUS TO MY EXPERTLY-TRAINED EAR, SCOOBY. WHAT SAY WE START BY INVESTIGATING THAT ***CONCESSION STAND***?

RHAGGY! RUCK!

DUCK? LIKE, I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF CHEESE CURDS...

NUH-UH! NUH-UH! RUCK! RUCK--!

WHO-OHSH

WELL, J-JIG MY WIG!

OW! HEY! WE'RE LANDIN' IN THAT UN-ROUND ***BREEZE BOX!***

AND SAID BREEZE BOX IS...

RUH--

BREEZING!

ROOBY ROOBY ROOOOOO!

LIKE, YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD SOUND BETTER THAN A DIZZY GILLESPIE SOLO RIGHT NOW, SCOOB?

RUT?

AN *UPDRAFT!*

COME ON, EVERYONE! THERE GOES THE JERSEY DEVIL! MAYBE WE COULD GRAB THE WHITE ANGEL AND...

TOO LATE, FREDDIE. LOOK...

SHAGGY AND SCOOBY HAVE HITCHED A RIDE ON THE WHITE ANGEL! BUT WITH THE JERSEY DEVIL UP THERE...

"...WHO'S CHASING WHOM?"

WELL, WE GOT THAT UPDRAFT, OLD PAL. BUT NOW WE'VE GOT A BIGGER PROBLEM...

LIKE, I DON'T SEE THE CONCESSION STAND ANYWHERE!

REVIL, RHAGGY--!

RIPE-RIPE-RIIIPE!

GREAT WHISTLIN' OCARINAS!

I THINK IT WAS SIR ISAAC NEWTON WHO SAID, "GRAVITY, MAN, WHAT A *DRAG!*"

WELL, I'M BACK!

SAY, WOULD YOU KIDS MIND SIGNING SOME FORMS BEFORE CONTINUING YOUR INVESTIGATION? I DON'T WANT ANY MESSY *LAWSUITS* IF...

THIS IS *NO TIME* TO TALK *BUSINESS*, MR. LEEDS!

SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOOOOOO?

CRASH

SO, THERE'S SHAGGY, AND THERE'S THE JERSEY DEVIL, BUT WHERE'S...?

SCOOBY!

ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO-OO!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE JERSEY DEVIL? IS HE A ROBOT, OR...?

WELL, WHILE I'M HANGIN' AROUND HERE...

CRITTER!

B-BUT... *HOW?*

HMMM...MAYBE Q.P.'S "ACCIDENTAL" INTERFERENCE AT THE VAULT WASN'T ALL THAT *ACCIDENTAL*...

QUINCY! IS THAT TRUE?

I... YEAH.

I DESIGNED THAT COSTUME AND TRAINED CRITTER TO FLY IT. HE "SCREAMS" THANKS TO MY COMPUTERS AND A HIDDEN CD PLAYER.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS, QUINCY! AFTER ALL I'VE DONE TO BUILD A BUSINESS FOR US...AND RID US OF THE FAMILY CURSE...!!!

THEN... I HAD HIM STEAL MY OWN BLUEPRINTS.

BREE-EEP

BREE-EEP

THAT'S JUST IT, DAD!

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THROUGH TO YOU ANYMORE IS THROUGH YOUR *BUSINESS!* SO I "*CAPITALIZED*" ON YOUR SUPERSTITION WHILE PRE-TENDING NOT TO BELIEVE IN IT!

BREE-EEP

BREE-EEP

I...I DON'T WANT TO BE THE MICHELANGELO OF WIND ART, DAD. I JUST...

BREE-EEP BREE-EEP

...I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR DAUGHTER AGAIN.

I SUPPOSE THE ONLY REAL FAMILY CURSES WE BEAR ARE...THE ONES WE DESIGN OURSELVES.

YOUNG MAN...YOU SEEMED TO, EH, DIG THIS PHONE WHEN WE MET. WELL...IT'S FOR YOU.

SMAK

BREE-EEP BREE-EEP

TURNS OUT I'VE GOT A MORE *IMPORTANT* APPOINTMENT.

WITH Q.P.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

...I'VE GOT TO GO FLY A KITE.

YO, JAMAL? THIS IS MR. LEEDS'S... AH...NEW *ASSISTANT*. WHICH WAY TO THE *CONCESSION STAND?*

HA HA HA HA HA

THE END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"